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Heraclitus Ridens,

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

From Tuesday December the 14*th*. to Saturday the 18*th*. 1703.

Jest. IF ever I reckon without mine Hoſt again, may my Victuals and Drink be only Small Beer and Water Gruel. Ill Luck take me, but I thought *Iuſs* as Dead as a Door-Nail; who the De— I would have imagin'd ſhe ſhou'd have given us the Slip after this rate? For my part it run in my Head, what Sauce ſhe ſhould be Diſh'd-up with, we were ſo ſure of her; but the Lord of the Manor, after ſhe had reſted her ſelf for a while, and got Breath again, gave her a *Kick*, and away fled ſhe, without ſo much as excuſing her ſelf to thoſe that were in Purſuit of her, for making 'em go to Bed Supperleſs.

Earn. Comfort your ſelf, theſe things will happen for ſome time. Yet, tho' we have loſt the Mother, we have got Scent of the Son, and it's a hundred to one but we run him down in her ſtead.

Jest. What ſay'ſt thou, my Boy? Have they ſtarted a Jack-Hare in the room of her! Let me tell you, there is a great deal of Difference in the Sex. Your Jack-Hares are excellent Meat indeed, and eat much better than the Females; but are you certain we ſhall have him? For I am damnably perplex'd with Doubts and Scruples, ſince our laſt Miſcarriage.

Earn. Yes, that I am, and his Mother too next Hunting Seaſon. We muſt Net her, and lay Toils for her, if ſhe won't give us fair Play, for there are Ways and Means how to manage her, if ſhe won't let thoſe that were in Queſt of her ſhew themſelves true Sportſmen for the future. This ſly Devil, to favour his Mother's Eſcape, had the Impudence to come and drop a Scent at the very Noſe of 'em, which lay ſo deep, that immediately the Pack open'd, drew off, and were in a full Cry after him; and I'll never pretend to a good Gueſs more, if they are not up with him before Night.

Jest. Excellently well ſaid, in my Conſcience then, we ſhall have Veniſon at laſt, notwithſtanding one Diſappointment. What think you of a Pudding in the Belly of him? He needs no Bacon, he's Fat enough to Lard himſelf, for I know *Jack* well enough, and he has Fleſh enough upon his Back to feaſt the whole Company with. He has been daring his Purſuers to the Chace theſe twenty Months, and now he is like to pay for all his Miſdemeanours at once, for he is deep in Arrears with them.

Earn. Why truly, a Pudding in the Belly of him would do very well; but you are to know this is not to be dreſs'd as other Hares are, but is your right *Geneva* Veniſon, and muſt be Cook'd-up *Secundum uſum Genevenſem*, half Par-boil'd, half Roaſted, a Compound of hot and cold, like your Diſſenters Conſtitutions.

Jest. As if I was to be inſtructed at this time of the day, that know the Methods put in Practice near the Lake *Leman* as well as you what is Cuſtomary near the *Thames*, I have brought a Receipt from thence, which I have made many a Pudding by, and never fail'd yet. I'll read it to you.

Take of the Leven of Hypocriſy, Sifted through the Sieve of Fears and Jealouſies, and grinaed from the Tares of Sedition, 8 Ounces. Into this, Pour half a Pint of the Waters of Strife, and ſweeten it with an Ounce of the Locuſt of Mental Reſervation Addreſſes, mix'd with the Occaſional Spice of Diſobedience, colour'd with the plauſible Pretences of Religion and Loyalty. Then ſhred into it ſome of Bradſhaw's *Pot-herbs, or a Bundle of Scriptural* Ejaculations, *which he us'd to Garniſh his* Calves Heads *on the 30th of* January *with, and a Handful of* Cromwell's *and* Ireton's, *not forgetting my Old Lord of* Mancheſter's *Extempore Texts in Vindication of* Killing no Murther. *Thence you are to knead it up, ſo as not to put out the* Miller's *Eye, and Parboil it in the Sophiſticated Liquors of* Moderation a Virtue, *till you Contradict the Proverb, and it is neither* Cake *nor* Doe, *but fit for a Gentleman of Dr.* D'Avenant's *Digeſtion. Nothing remains more than, that after it is well* ſodden, *you are to take it out with the* Ladle *of* Lukewarmneſs, *then ſew it into the Belly of the* Hare, *which muſt likewiſe be Boil'd for ſome time with it; and having Spitted it, let the* Jack *take its Courſe for ſome time, and if it does not eat as Tender as a* Rabbit, *provided you fall to between Hot and Cold, and get the Repute of a Diſh fit for the Stomach of an* Elder, *never more give Credit to* Eleazar Democracy, *Chief Syndick of* Geneva; *or your humble Servant* Timothy Jocoſe, *Purveyor General to the Company of* Puſs-Hunters.

Earn. At this Rate, Friend of mine, the Corporation of Cooks will make you take out your Freedom; I proteſt till this time, never did I throughly know your Abilities. But who the Devil muſt eat this Pudding of yours? Our *Engliſh* Huntſmen can never Reliſh Outlandiſh Diet, they have had enough of that not long ſince.

Jeſt. No matter whether they eat him or no, let him be but Dreſs'd, as we may have no more of him. For the way to make an end of the Mother, is to get the Son out of the way firſt. If I muſt be Enfranchiz'd, it muſt be in two Companies then, for I have a Claim to be one of the *Parſons* Society as well as the *Cooks*, ſince I have brought you a Grace

before

before and after Meat here, to be made uſe of at this Entertainment of ours.

Earn. Sir *Crape*, your humble Servant; We ſhall not want for a Chaplain then, to give a Bleſſing to this Courſe Food of yours. I am for anticipating this Chaſe after *Nob*, to hear theſe Graces you ſpeak of; Prithee do me the favour to oblige me with 'em.

Jeſt. Take 'em before-hand then; if you pleaſe. The firſt is a ſhort one for fear the Meat ſhould be Cold.

Firſt Grace.

DAme Fortune, *ſince it is thy Will*
To ſuccour thoſe that Lack,
And though thou wouldſt not give us Gill,
Whom we purſu'd through Dale and Hill,
Haſt made us Start up Jack.

Grant, we beſeech thee, that this Hare
May ſo precede another,
That having caught the Son *and* Heir
And put him in this Bill *of Fare,*
We next may catch the Mother.

Now my Belly is full, take a longer.

Second Grace.

WE give thee Thanks for this Repaſt
Which thou haſt plac'd before us,
Hoping thy gracious Smiles will laſt
That are ſo plentifully caſt,
And with more Ven'ſon ſtore us.

Not that we pray thee out of ſpight
To this Degenerate Brood,
But they in Robbing us Delight,
And make Invaſions on our Right,
And Eat the Children's Food.

Would they but in our VVord Confide,
And Promiſe has been made 'em,
Thoſe that purſue 'em for their Pride,
Would farther Indignation hide,
And would no more upbraid 'em.

But, Goddeſs, 'tis in vain thou know'ſt,
They Miſchief will be doing,
And if they cannot Rule the Roaſt,
And ſhare with us in Publick Poſt,
Will ſeek the Publick Ruine.

Therefore ſurrender them we pray,
Or ſend 'em all a Packing,
That Yea *may be too hard for* Nay,
And Men from Brutes may get the Day,
Nor go out more a Jacking.

That all our Foes like him may fall,
VVho furniſh'd us with Diet,
And the Church Conquer Salters-Hall,
As falſe St. Calvin *quits St.* Paul,
And Cants at Home in Quiet.

That Presbyter *in Chain of Gold*
No more may ſhew his Face,
Nor Independent *Doctrines hold*
In Place of Truſt, as thoſe of Old
Held in Dominion Grace.

Earn. I'll ſay that for thee, there is not a Chaplain among 'em all, tho' he has ſerved an Apprentiſhip in withdrawing as ſoon as the Tarts and other Carnal Kickſhaws came upon the Table, has a better way with him; but what if I ſhould tell you this Hare had given us the Slip as well as his Mother, what could you do with your Graces then? Believe me, it would be a Mighty Baulk to you.

Jeſt. None at all. If he be gone, Joy go with him, ſo that he comes to trouble us no more. As for my Poetical Shreds, I ſhould e'en do as *Nob* will by the reſt of his Mutinous Papers, lay 'em aſide as of no manner of Uſe to me; for they tell me, notwithſtanding all his Boaſted Courage, he did not think fit to appear before his Betters yeſterday.

Earn. Come, come, you are to put the beſt Conſtruction upon Matters that you can: Thoſe are not Affairs for us to meddle with, and are to avoid the Rocks he has ſplit upon, as you may not fall under the ſame Predicament of Diſpleaſure. Let me tell you, Parliaments have long Hands, and I foreſaw they would reach him one day or other; and if his Printer and Publiſher do not produce him, who knows what may be done by a Proclamation? But pr'thee what Harm have theſe Hares done you, that you are ſo inveterate againſt them.

Jeſt. Truly I cannot ſay they have deſtroyed my Grounds, for dirty Acres and I have little Acquaintance together; bnt they have done Incredible Miſchief to the Honeſteſt Part of the Nation. You may talk of the late Storm as long as you will, the Loſs ſuſtain'd by their *Occaſionally* running away with the Product of it, comes to three Times the Damage ſuſtained by it. What think you of ſuch of 'em as have amaſs'd together ſuch Stores of Plunder, as would go a great way towards carrying on the War in ſuch a manner, as not to make us doubt of Succeſs?

Earn. I think they will be forc'd to refund it, if one way will not do to ſecure to us the Exerciſe of our own Properties, another muſt, and you know the proverb: But I ſhall avoid Dictating to thoſe that are wiſer than my ſelf, or medling with Concerns that ought to be left wholly to the Wiſdom of thoſe to whom they belong, and let you and I behave our ſelves in ſuch a manner, as not to make the Liberty of the *Preſs* ſeem a Grievance to the Nation, tho' others have been too free with their Pens, and juſtly caus'd it to fall under that Character, before us.

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